The Dream Gown of the Japanese Ambassador.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

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PART I. After arranging the Egyptian and Mexican pottery so as to contrast agreeably with the Dutch and the German beer mugs on the top of the book case that ran along one wall of the sitting room, Cosmo Waynflete went back into the bed room and took from a half-empty trunk the little cardboard boxes in which he kept the collection of playing cards, and all manner of outland!sh equivalents for these simple instruments of fortune, picked up here and there during his two or three years of dilettante traveling in strange countries. At the same time he brought out a Japanese crystal ball, which he stood upon its silver tripod, placing it on a little table in one of the windows on each side of the fireplace; and there the rays of the western sun lighted it up at once into translucent loveliness.

The returned wanderer looked out of the window and saw on one side the graceful and vigorous tower of the Malison Square Garden, with its D'ana turning in square Garden, with its Dana turning in the December wind, while in the other di-rection he could look down on the frozen paths of Union Square, only a block dis-tant, but as far below him almost as though he was gazing down from a bal-loon. Then he stepped back into the sit-ting room itself, and noted the comfortable furniture and wood fire crackling in friend. furniture and wood fire crackling in friend-



Lay Back in His Chair.

ly fashion on the hearth, and his own peras though they were settling themselves for a stay. Having arrived from Europe only that morning, he could not but hold himself lucky to have found these rooms taken for him by the old friead to whom he had announced his return and with he had announced his return, and with whom he was to eat his Christmas dinner that evening. He had not been on shore more than six or seven hours, and yet the most of his odds and ends were unpacked and already in place, as though they be-longed in this new abode. It was true that he had toiled unceasingly to accomplish this; and as he stood there in his shirt sleeves, admiring the results of his lators he was conscious also that his muscles were fatigued and that the easy chair be-

fore the fire opened its arms temptingly.

He went again into the bed room and took from one of his many trunks a long, loose garment of pale gray silk. Apparently this beautiful robe was intended to serve as a dressing gown, and as such Cosmo Waynflete utilized it immediately. The rich silk itself seemed to be soothing to his limbs, so delicate was its fiber and so carefully had it been woven. Around the full skirt there was embroidery of threads of gold, and again on the open and flowing sleeves. With the skillful freedom of Japanese art the pattern of this decoration seemed to suggest the shrubbery about a spring, for there were strange plants with huge leaves broadly outlined by the golden threads, and in the midst of them water was seen bubbling from the earth and lap-ping gently over the edge of the fountain. As the returned wanderer thrust his arms into the dressing gown with its symbolic embroidery on the skirt and sleeves, he remembered distinctly the dismal day when he had bought it in a little curiosity shop in Nuremberg; and as he fastened across his chest one by one the loops of silken cord to the three coins which served as buttons down the front of the robe, he recalled also the time and the place where he had picked up each of these pieces of gold and silver, one after another. The first of them was a Persian darle, which he had purchased from a dealer on the Grand canal in Venice, and the second was Spanish peso, struck under Philip II at Potosi, which he had found in a stall on the embankment of the Quay Voltaire in Paris; and the third was a York shilling which he had bought from the man wh had turned it up in plowing a field that sloped to the Hudson near Sleepy Hollow. Having thus wrapped himself in this unusual dressing gown, with its unexpected buttons of gold and silver, Cosmo Wayn-flete went back into the front room. He dropped into the arm chair before the fire It was with a smile of physical satisfaction that he stretched out his feet to the hickory

New York the sun sets early on Christmas day. The red rays shot into the window almost horizontally, and they filled the crystal globe with a curious light. Cosmo Waynfiete lay back in his easy chair, with his Japanese robe about him, and gazed in-tently at the beautiful ball, which seemed like a bubble of air and water. His mind went back to the afternoon in April, two years before, when he had found that crystal sphere in a Japanese shop within sight of the incomparable Fugiyama.

As he peered into its transparent depths, which his vision focused upon the spot of light where the rays of the setting sun touched it into flame, he was but little sur prised to discover that he could make out tiny figures in the crystal. For the moment this strange thing seemed to him per-fectly natural. And the movements of these little men and women interested him so much that the fixity of his gaze was intensifled. And so it was that in a few minutes he saw with no astonishment that he was he saw with no astonishment that he was one of the group himself, he himself in the rich and stately attire of a samural. From the instant that Cosmo Waymete discovered himself among the people whom he saw moving before him, as his eyes were fastened on the illuminated dot in the transparent hall he cassed to see them as little parent ball, he ceased to see them as little figures, and he accepted them as of the full stature of man. This increase in their size was no more a source of wonderment to him than it had been to discern himself in the midst of them. He accepted both of these marvelous things without question, indeed with no thought at all that they were in any way peculiar or abnormal. Not only this, but thereafter he seemed to have transferred his personality to the Cosmo Wayn-flete who was a Japanese samural, and to have abandoned entirely the Cosmo Waynwho was an American traveler, a who had just returned to New York that Christmas morning. So completely did the Japanese identity dominate that the existence of the American identity was wholly unknown to him. It was as though the American had gone to sleep in New York at the end of the nineteenth century and had waked a Japanese in Nippon in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

With his sword by his side—a Murimasa blade likely to being had luck to the side of the state of

blade, likely to bring bad luck to the wearer sooner or later—he had walked from his own house in the quarter of Kioto which is house in the quarter of Kioto which is called Yamashina to the quarter which is called Yoshiwara, a place of ill repute, where dwell women of evil life and where roysterers and drunkards come by night. He knew that the sacred duty of avenging his master's death had led him to cast off his faithful wife so that he might pretend to riot in debauchers at the Three Sec Shores. riot in debauchery at the Three Sea Shores. The fame of his shameful doings had spread The fame of his shameful doings nad spread abroad, and it must soon come to the ears of the man whom he wished to take unawares. Now he was lying prone in the street, seemingly sunk in a drunken slumber, so that men might see him and carry the news to the treacherous assassin of his

accomplishment of his holy revenge. To himself he called the roll of his fellow ronins, now biding their time, as he was, and ready always to obey his orders and to follow his lead to the death, when at last the sun should rise on the day of vengeance. So he gave no heed to the scoffs and the jeers of those who passed along the street, laughing him to scorn as they beheld him lying there in a stupor from excessive drink at that inordinate hour of the day. And among those who came by at last was And among those who came by at last was a man from Satsuma who was moved to voice the reproaches of all that saw this

sorry sight.
"Is not this Oishi Kuranosuke?" said the man from Satsuma, "who was a councillor of Asano Takumi no Kami, and who, not having the heart to avenge his lord, gives himself up to women and wine? See how he lies drunk in the public street: Faithless beast! Fool and craven! Unworthy of the rame of a samurai!"

And with that the man from Satsuma trod on him as he lay there and s, at upon him, and went away indignantly. The sples of Kotsuke no Suke heard what the man from Satsuma had said and they saw how he had spurned the prostrate samerai with his foot; and they went their way to report to their master that he need no longer have any fear of the councillors of Assats have any tear of the councillors of Asano Takumi no Kami. All this the man, lying prone in the dust of the street, note; and it made his heart glad, for then he made sure that the day was soon coming when he could do his duty at last and take vengeance for the death of his master.

He lay there longer than he knew, and the twilight settled down at last, and the evening stars came out. And then, after awhile, and by imperceptible degrees Cos-mo Waynfiete became considers that the scene had changed and that he had changed with it. He was no longer in Japan, but in Persia. He was no longer lying like a drunkard in the street of a city, but slum-bering like a weary soldier in a little easis by the ride of a spring in the midst of a sandy desert. He was asleep, and his faith-ful horse was unbridled that it might erop

The sic was unbridled that it might crop the grass at will.

The sic was hot and thick; and the leaves of the slim tree above him were never stirred by a wandering wind Yet now and again there came from the darkness a faintly fetid odor. The evening wore on and still he slept, until at length in the silvnes of the significant. in the silence of the night a strange huge creature wormed its way steadily out of its lair amid the trees, and drew near the sleeping man to devour him fierceiy. But the horse neighed vehemently, and beat the ground with his hoofs and waked his master. Then the hideous monster vanished; and the man, aroused from his sleep, saw nothing, although the evil smell still lingered in the sultry atmosphere. He lay down again once more, thinking that for once his steed had given a false alarm. Again the grisly dragon drew nigh, and again the courser notified its rider, and again the man could make out nothing in the darkness of the night; and again he was well-nigh stifled by the foul emanation that trailed in the wake of the misbegot-ten creature. He rebuked his horse and

laid him down once more.

A third time the dreadful beast approached and a third time the faithful charger awoke its angry master. But there came the breath of a gentle breeze, so that the man did not fear to fill his lungs; and there was a vague light in the heavens now so that he could dimly discounts. now, so that he could dimly discern his mighty enemy; and at once he girded him-self for the fight. The scaly monster came full at him with dripping fangs, its mighty body thrusting forward its huge and hid-



The Scaly Monster Came Full at Him Then the faithful horse sprang forward and bit the dreadful creature full upon the neck and tore away the scales, so that its master's sword could pierce the armored hide. So the man was able to dissever the strous dragon. The blackness of night wrapped him about once more as he fell on his knees and gave thanks for his victory; and the wind died away again.

Only a few minutes after, so it seemed to him, at least, Cosmo Waynflete became doubtfully aware of another change of time and place-of another transformation of his own being. He knew himself to be alone once more, and even without his trusty charger. Again he found bimself groping in the dark. But in a little while there was a faint radiance of light; and at last the moon came out from behind a tower. Then he saw that he was not by the roadside in Japan or in the desert of Persia, but now in some the architecture was Hispano-Moresque. By the silver rays of the moon he was able to make out the beautiful design dam-ascened upon the blade of the sword which he held now in his hand ready drawn for self-defense.

Then he heard hurried footfails down

the empty street, and a man rushed around the corner pursued by two others, who had also weapons in their hands. For the moment Cosmo Waynflete was a Spanthe moment Cosmo Waynflete was a Spaniard, and to him it was a point of honor to aid the weaker party. He cried to the fugitive to pluck up heart and to withstand the enemy stoutly. But the hunted man fled on, and after him went one of the pursuers, a tall, thin fellow, with a long black cloak streaming behind him as he ran.

The other of the two, a handsome lad, with fair hair, came to a hait and crossed swords with Cosmo, and soon showed himself to be skilled in the art of fence. So violent was the young fellow's attack that violent was the young fellow's attack that in the ardor of self-defense Cosmo ran the boy through the body before he had time to hold his hand or even to reflect. The lad toppled over sideways: "Oh! my " he cried, and in a second he dead. While Cosmo bent over the body



her, so that men might see him and carry the news to the treacherous assassin of his beloved master. As he lay there that afternoon he revolved in his mind the devices he should use to make away with his enemy when the hour might be ripe at last for the

to face with a gray-haired lady, whose visage was beautiful and kindly and noble. In a few words he told her his plight and besought sanctuary. She listened to him in silence, with exceeding courtesy of manner, as though she were weighing his words before making up her mind. She raised the lamp on her table and let its beams fall on his lineaments. And still she made no answer to his appeal.

Then came a glare of torches in the street below and a breeking of the deep filter.

Then came a glare of torches in the street below and a knocking at the door. Then at last the old lady came to a resolution; she lifted the tapestry at the head of her bed and told him to bestow himself there. No sooner was he hidden than the tall, thin man in the long black cloak entered hastily. He greeted the elderly lady as his aunt, and he told her that her son had been set upon by a stranger in the street and had been slain. She gave a great cry and never took her eyes from street and had been slain. She gave a great cry and never took her eyes from his face. Then he said that a servant had seen an unknown man climb to the talcony of her house. What if it were the assassin of her son? The blood left her face and she clutched at the table behind her as she gave orders to heave the said. her, as she gave orders to have the house

When the room was empty at last, she went to the head of the bed and bade the man concealed there to come forth and beinan concealed there to come forth and begone, but to cover his face that she might not be forced to know him again. So saying, she dropped on her knees before a crucifix, while he slipped out of the window again and down to the deserted street. He sped to the corner and turned it undiscovered and breathed a sigh of relief and of regret. He kent on streetly wilder. of regret. He kept on steadily, gliding stealthily along in the shadows, until he found himself at the city gate, as the bell of the cathedral tolled the hour of mid-

How it was that he passed through the gate he could not declare with precision, for seemingly a mist had settled about him. Yet a few minutes later he saw that in some fashion he must have got beyond the walls of the town, for he recognized the open country all around. And oddly enough he now discovered himself to be what manner of horse it was he was rid-ing, but he felt sure that it was not the faithful charger that had saved his life in Persia, once upon a time, in days long gone by, as it seemed to him then. He was not in Persia now—of that he was certain, not in Japan, nor in the Spanish peninsula. Where he was he did not know.

In the dead hush of midnight he could

In the dead hush of midnight he could hear the barking of a dog on the opposite shore of a dusky and indistinct waste of waters that spread itself far below him. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree; its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. As he approached this fearful tree, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of it, but on looking more narrowly he perceived it was a place where it had been scathed by lightning and the it had been scathed by lightning and the white wood laid bare. About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road; and as he drew near he beheld—on the margin of this brook, and in the dark shadow of the grove—he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom like some gigantic monster ready

to spring upon the traveler.

He demanded in stammering accents,
"Who are you?" He received no reply. He
repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. And then the shadowy object of alarm put it-self in motion and with a scramble and a bound stood in the middle of the road. He appeared to be a horseman of large di-mensions and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. Having no relish for this strange midnight companion. Cosmo Waynflete urged on his steed in hopes of leaving the apparition behind; but the stranger quickened his herse also to an equal pace. And when the first horseman pulled up, thinking to lag behind, the second did likewise. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalmounting a rising ground which brought the figure of his fellow traveler against the sky, gigantic in height and muffled in a cloak, he was horror-struck to discover the stranger was headless!-but his horror was still more increased in observing that the head which should have rested on shoulders was carried before the body on the pommel of the saddle.

The terror of Cosmo Waynflete rose to desperation and he spurred his steed suddenly in the hope of giving his weird com-panion the slip. But the headless horseman started full jump with him. His own horse as though possessed by a demon plunged headlong down the hill. He could hear, however, the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt the hot breath of the pursue When he ventured at last to cast a look behind, he saw the goblin rising in the stirrups, and in the very act of hurling at him the grisly head. He fell out of the saddle to the ground; and the black and the goblin rider passed by him like a whirlwind.

How long he lay there by the roadside



His Own Horse Plunged Headlong Down the Hill.

guess; but when he came to himself at last the sun was already high in the heavers. He discovered himself to be reclining on the tall grass of a pleasant graveyard which surrounded a little country church in the outskirts of a pretty little village. It was in the village. It was in the early summer and the foliage was green over his head as the boughs swayed gently to and fro in the morning breeze. The birds were singing gayly as they flitted about over his head. The bees hummed along from flower to flower. At last, so it seemed to him, he had come into a land of received with. he had come into a land of peace and quiet, where there was rest and comfort and where no man need go in fear of his life. It was a country where vengeance was not a duty and where midnight combats were not a custom. He found himself smiling as he thought that a grisly dragon and a goblin rider would be equally out of place in this laughing landscape.

Then the bell in the steeple of the little

church began to ring merrily and he rose to his feet in expectation. All of a sudden the knowledge came to him why it was that the knowledge came to him why it was that they were ringing. He wondered then why the coming of the bride was thus delayed. He knew himself to be a lover with life opening brightly before him; and the world seemed to him sweeter than ever before and more beautiful.

Then at last the girl whom he loved

Then at last the girl whom he loved with his whole heart and who had promised to marry him appeared in the distance, and he thought he had never seen her look more lovely. As he beheld his bridal party approaching, he slipped into the church to await her at the altar. The sunshine fell full upon the portal and made a halo about the girl's head as she crossed the threshold. But even when the bride stood by his side and the clergyman had begun the solemn service of the church, the belis kept on, and soon their chiming became a clangor, louder and sharper, and more inclangor, louder and sharper, and more in-sistent.

PART III. So clamorous and so persistent was the

armed and some of them bearing torches.

Cosmo turned and fied swiftly, but being a stranger in the city he soon lost himself in its tortuous streets. Seeing a light in a window and observing a vine that trailed from the balcony before it, he climbed up boildly, and found himself face to face with a gray haired lady whose the setting sun had set long ago, and the room was dark, for it was lighted now only by the embers of the burnt-out fire; and the electric bell was ringing steadily

and the electric bell was ringing steadily as though the man outside the door had resolved to waken the between sleepers.

Then Cosmo Waynfiele was wide awake again; and he knew where he was once more—not in Japan, not in Persia, not in Lisbon, not in Sleepy Hollow, but here in New York, in his own room, before his own fire. He opened the door at once and admitted his friend, Paul Stuyvesant.

"It isn't dinner time, is it?" he asked.

"I'm not late, am I? The fact is, I've been asleep."

"It is so good of you to confess that." his friend answered, laughing; "although the length of time you kept me waiting and ringing might have led me to suspect it. No you are not late and it is not din-

all."

"Take this chair, old man," said Cosmo, as he threw another hickory stick on the fire. Then he lighted the gas and sat down by the side of his friend.

"This chair is comfortable, for a fact," Stuyvesant declared, stretching himself out luxuriously. "No wonder you went to sleep. What did you dream of?—strange places you had seen in your travele active.

places you had seen in your travels or the homely scenes of your native land?" Waynfiete looked at his friend for a moment without answering the question. He was startled as he recalled the extraordinary series of a iventures which had faller to his lot since he had fixed his gaze on the crystal ball. It seemed to him as though he had been whirled through space

though he had been whirled through space and through time.
"I suppose every man is always the hero of his own dreams," he began, doubtfully.
"Of course," his friend returned; "in sleep our natural and healthy cgotism is absolutely unrestrained. It doesn't make any matter where the scene is laid, or whether the play is a comedy or a tragedy, the dreamer has always the center of the stage with the calcium light turned full on him."
"That's just it." Waynflete went on "This

"That's just it," Waynflete went on. "This dream of mine makes me feel as if I were an actor, and as if I had been playing many parts, one after the other, in the swiftest succession. They are not familiar to me, and yet I confess to a vague feeling of unoriginality. It is as though I was a plagiarist of adventure—if that be a possible supposition. I have just gone through these startling situations myself, and yet I'm sure that they have all of them happened before—although, perhaps, not to any one man. Indeed, no one man could have had all these adventures of mine, be-cause I see new that I have been whisked through the centuries and across the hemispheres with a suddenness possible only in dreams. Yet all my experiences seem somehow second hand and not really my own."
"Picked up here and there—like your bric-

a-brac?" suggested Stuyvesant. "But what are these alluring adventures of yours that stretched through the ages and across the continents?"

Then, knowing how foud his friend was of solving mysteries and how proud he was of his skill in this art, Cosmo Waynflete parrated his dream as it has been set down in these pages.

When he had made an end, Paul Stuyvesant's first remark was: "I'm sorry I hap-pened along just then and waked you up before you had time to get married."



Then He Lighted the Gas. His second remark followed balf a min

"I see how it was," he said. "You were sitting in this chair and looking at that crystal ball, which focused the level rays of the setting sun, I suppose? Then it is plain enough—you hypnotized yourself!" "I've heard that such a thing is possible," responded Cosmo.
"Possible?" Stuyvesant returned; "it is certain! But what is more curious is the new way in which you combined your self-

hypnotism with crystal gazing. You have "You mean the practice of looking into a drop of water or a crystal ball or any-thing of that sort," said Cosmo—"and of

seeing things in it—of seeing people moving about?" "That's just what I do mean," his friend turned. "And that's just what you have returned. "And that's just what you have been doing. You fixed your gaze on the ball and so hypnotized yourself; and ther in the intensity of your vision you were able to see figures in the crystal—with one of which visualized emanations you immediately identified yourself. That's easy enough, I think. But I don't see what suggested to you your separate experiences I recognize them, of course-'You recognize them?" cried Waynflete

"I can tell you where you borrowed every one of your adventures," Stuyvesant replied. "But what I'd like to know now is what suggested to you just those characters and situations, and not others also stored away in your subconsciousness.' So saying he began to look about the

"My subconsciousness?" repeated Wayn-"Have I ever been a samurai in my subconsciousness' Paul Stuyvesant looked at Cosmo Wayn flete for nearly a minute without reply Then all the answer he made was to say 'That's a queer dressing gown you have

"It is time I took it off," said the other suiting the action to the word. "It is a beautiful specimen of weaving, isn't it? I call it the dream gown of the Japanese ampassador, for although I bought it in a curiosity shop in Nuremburg, it was once, I really believe, the slumber robe of an oriental envoy."
Stuyvesant took the silken garment from

his friend's hand.
"Why did the Japanese ambassador soll

you his dream gown in a Nuremberg curiosity shop?" he asked.
"He didn't," Waynfiete explained, "I never saw the ambassador, and neither did the old German lady who kept the shop. She told me she bought it from a Japane acrobat who was out of an engagement and desperately hard up. But she told me also that the acrobat had told her that the gar-ment had belonged to an ambassador, who had given it to him as a reward of his skill, and that he never would have parted with it if he had not been dead broke."

Stuyvesent held the robe up to the light and inspected the embrofdery on the skirt

of it.
"Yes," he said, at last, "this would account for it, I suppose. This bit here was probably meant to suggest 'the well where the head was washed'—see?"

"I see that those lines may be meant to represent the outline of a spring of water, but I don't see what that has to do with my dream," Waynflete answered. "Don't you?" Stuyvesant returned. "Ther I'll show you. You had on this slik gar-ment embroidered here with an outline of the well in which was washed the head of

Kotsuke no Suke, the man whom the Forty-Seven Ronins killed. You know the story?"
"I read it in Japan, but—" began Cosmo.
"You had that story stored away in your subconsciousness," interrupted his friend.
"And when you hypnotized yourself by peering into the crystal ball this embroidery it was which suggested to you to see your ing into the crystal ball this embroidery it was which suggested to you to see yourself as the hero of the tale—Oishi Kuranosuke, the chief of the Forty-Seven Ronins, the faithful follower who avenged his master by pretending to be vicious and dissipated—just like Brutus and Lorenzaccio—until the enemy was off his guard and open to attack."

"I think I do recall the tale of the Forty-

Seven Ronins, but only very vaguely," said the hero of the dream. "For all I know I may have had the adventure of Oishi Kuranosuke laid on the shelf somewhere

Kuranosuke laid on the shelf somewhere in my subconsciousness, as you want me to believe. But how about my Persian dragon and my Iberian noblewoman?"

Paul Stuyvesant was examining the dream gown of the Japanese ambassador with minute care. Suddenly he said: "Oh!" and then he looked up at Cosmo Waynfiete and asked: "What are those buttons? They seem to be old coins,"

"They are old coins," the other answered; "it was a fancy of mine to utilize them on

"it was a fancy of mine to utilize them on that Japanese dressing gown. They are all different, you see. The first is—"
"Persian, isn't it?" interrupted Stuy-

"Yes," Waynflete explained, "it is a Persian dark. And the second is a Spanish peso made at Potosi under Phillip II for use in America. And the third is a York shilling, one of the coins in circulation here in ning, one of the coins in circulation here in New York at the time of the revolution—I got that one, in fact, from the farmer who plowed it up in a field at Tarrytown, near "Sunnyside."

"Then there are three of your adventures accounted for, Cosmo, and easily enough," Paul commented, with obvious satisfaction at his own explanation. "Just as the con-

at his own explanation. "Just as the embroidery on the silk here suggested to you after you had hypnotized yourself that you were the chief of the Forty-Seven Ronins, so this first coin here in turn suggested to you that you were Rustem, the hero of the 'Epic of Kings.' You have read the 'Shah-Nameh?" amen."
"I remember Firdausi's poem after a ashion only," Cosmo answered. "Was not

fashion only," Cosmo answered. "Was n Rustem a Persian Hercules, so to speak?" "That's it, precisely," the other responded, "and he had seven labors to perform, and you dreamed the third of them, the slaying of the grisly dragon. For my own part, I think I should have preferred the fourth of them—the meeting with the lovely enchant-ress—but that's neither here nor there." "It seems to me I do recollect something about that fight of Rustem and the strange

peast. The faithful horse's name was

beast. The faithful horse's name was Rakush, wasn't it?" asked Waynfiete.
"If you can recollect the 'Shah-Nameh,' "
Stuyvesant pursued, "no doubt you can recall also Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Custom of the Country?' That's where you got the midnight duel in Lisbon and the magnanimous mother, you know."
"No, I don't know," the other declared.
"Well, you did, for all that," Paul went on. "The situation is taken from one in a drama of Calderon's, and it was much

on. "The situation is taken from one in a drama of Calderon's, and it was much strengthened in the taking. You may not now remember having read the play, but the incident must have been familiar to you, or else your subconsciousness couldn't have yielded it up to you so readily at the suggestion of that Spanish coin, could it?" "I did read a lot of Elizabethan dram in my senior year at college", admitted Commy senior year at college." my senfor year at college," admitted Cosmo, "and this piece of Beaumont and Fletcher's may have been one of those I read—but I totally fail to recall now what it was all about."

"You won't have the cheek to declare that you don't remember the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' will you?" asked Stuyvesant. 'Very obviously it was the adven-ture of Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman that the York shilling suggested to you."
"I'll admit that I do recollect Irving's

"So the embroidery on the dreamgown gives the first of your strange situations; and the three others vere suggested by the coins you have been using as buttons," said Paul Stuyvesant. "There is only one thing now that puzzles me-that is the country church and the noon wedding and eautiful bride." And with that he turned over the folds of the silken garment that hung over his

Cosmo Waynflete hesitated a moment and a blush mantled his cheek. Then he looked his friend in the face and said: "I think I can account for my dreaming about hercan account for that easily enough."
"So can I," said Paul Stuyvesant, as he held up the photograph of a lovely American girl that he had just found in the pocket of the dream-gown of the Japanese

(The End.) THE WORLD'S BIGGEST WATCH.

It is Four Inches Wide, Gold, Weighs Two Pounds. From the New York World. The largest watch in the world was made

in London for William Wilkens of Baltimore. It is kept by his sons as an heirloom. Mr. Wilkens was an odd man in many ways. One of his peculiar desires was to possess things that were entirely different from other things in the world. His big watch was a manifestation of this trait. It cost him \$2,500. He ordered it in 1896, but it was not finished until 1869. The massive gold chain, to which it was attached, weight four pounds and cost \$500. It was made in this country.

The watch—a repeater—weighs two pounds

lacking an ounce. The hunting case is of eighteen-carat gold and is seven-eighths of an inch thick. The white enamel dial is four inches in diameter. The case is elaborately engraved inside and outside, the de-Baltimore factory and residence. The engraving on the back represents Mr. Wilkens' Baltimore factory and residence. The engraving on the back represents Mr. Wilkens and his favorite old white horse, for which he had as much affection as it is possible for one to have for a dumb animal.

Mr. Wilkens, who was very wealthy when he died, began life in a humble way. He started business by wheeling home in a barrow the hair and bristles which he gathered at the Baltimore slaughter houses, there sorting and preparing them for market. The business grew steadily and Mr. Wilkens pur-chased a horse and wagon, abandoning the wheelbarrow. The horse, however, was rever deserted. When it became too old to work it was cared for tenderly, and when it work it was cared for tenderly, and when it died its owner purchased a plot of ground opposite his residence and buried it there. When his huge watch was made he gave his faithful old horse equal prominence with himself in the engraving on the case. Mr. Wilkens carried this big watch to the day of his death. The chain, which is about of his death. The chain, which is about four feet long, was worn about his neck He had an extra large pocket made in each of his vests to hold the watch. Some idea of the immensity of the timeplece may be gained by knowing that the largest watch now occasionally manufactured for the trade has a case two inches wide and a dial one and three-quarter inches wide. The diameter of the watch is nearly four and a quarter inches.

Written for The Evening Star. "Church Bella,"

I've set an endless measure to that chime. Sweet evening bells! My heart dissolved in prayer, my prayer in rhyme

Now, summer days are drifted to the past, No roses blow To scatter petals, when the wind runs fast, And day dins low. Now fallen moonbeams hang on boughs of ice

On hedge of spears; So time will drape the shapes of our device With frozen tears. Yet tuneful are those tongues with histories. They tell, they dare! Yet mellow are those throats with mysteries,

Divinely fair. When I lie silent in the last long sleep Of dreamless death, I would their joyous tenor they might keep.

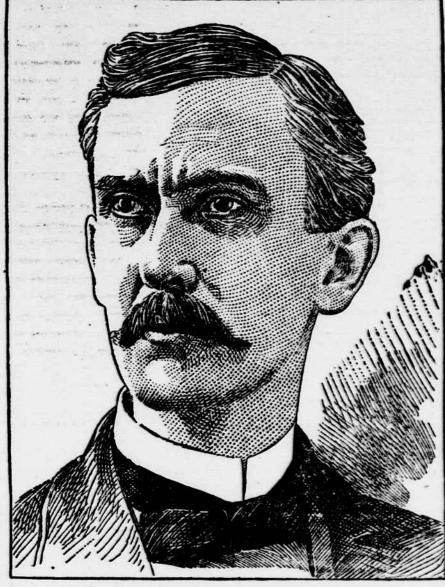
Though hushed my breath. I'd have the rapture rise to heaven's sh Of great bells swung,

With gushing tongue. Not tolling-dropping like the soul's despain But thrilling—like the

-MARY BUCKNER SPIERS.

MAJOR W. W. ROBBINS.

Framer of the Indiana Military Bill Made Well by Paine's Celery Compound.



aid on Gen. McKee's staff, and president of Camp Gray, has been for two years one of the most influential members of the Indiana legislature, and the author of the femous Indiana military law of

Major Robbins was a very sick man up to the time of taking Prine's celery compound. In proof of what that remarkable remedy can do to make a sick person strong and well, Major Rob-bins' letter from Indianapolis best tells its own straightforward story. "I was troubled with a torpid liver, constipation

and the accompanying sallow complexion, while my entire nervous system was entirely deranged, and I was greatly reduced in fiesh. While in this conthe grip, and was for a long time confined to the house and my bed. "I resorted to various medicines and tonics, and

under their temporary influence made several at-tempts to resume my business of traveling about in the interests of A. Steffen, cigar manufacturer, of this city; but relepse succeeded relapse, and I not only was obliged to abandon my business, but growultimate result. "At this juncture my mother-in-law, who had

used your remedy with gratifying results, prevailed upon me to commence taking Paine's celery compound, and it gives me great pleasure to state that I at once began to feel its beneficial effects.

PAINTED IN THREE HOURS. An Artist's Strange Commission and the Way He Executed It.

From the New York Herald. Daniel Huntington, former president of the National Academy, related recently an odd art experience. The conversation had been on Sir John Millais and his portrait czarina recall to mind the fact that very work, and this reminded Mr. Huntington of few European sovereigns have gone through how, at one time, he painted a portrait in the ancient ceremonies which constitute a

three hours. "I don't recall all the circumstances exactly," began the veteran of the easel, "but I do remember that the man came very hurriedly to my studio one morning. He announced that he had just come from the west, that he had heard of me, and wanted me to paint his portrait-it was to be a present, as I remember, for his wife. 'But,' he said, taking out his watch, 'I sail for Europe this afternoon. All my business has been finished, and I can give you-let

me see-three hours.' "Of course, I declared that painting a portrait under such conditions was absolutely impossible. But he refused to accept my refusal. He declared that he had con to New York some hours ahead of time es pecially for this; that he would have no body else paint him, and that he would not be disappointed. I could have a week to be disappointed. I could have a wifinish the portrait after he had gone.

"I made the experiment, but declined to be responsible for the picture's success. Never before had I painted so rapidly, and never since. During the latter part of the time my sitter held his watch in his hand. Precisely at the expiration of the three nours he left me.

"From memory I finished it within a few days, and it pleased the persons it went to. But it was a strange experience."

Jumped Thirty-one Feet.

"The most tremendous leap I ever knew a horse to take," says Sir Claude de Crespigny, in his memoirs, "was out with the Cheshire hounds at Marbury, in 1870. A fine mare I was riding cleared a five-foot fence with a bound that covered over thirtyone feet. We measured it oirectly afterward, and it was stated at the time to be the second best jump in point of length on record, the best being thirty-three feet. This latter jump, however, which was performed by Chandler, at Warwick, is open to much doubt. After the horse had made it his rider had to finish the race, weigh in and dress before taking any measurements had ridden over the course.

From Pearson's Weekly. A very estimable widow has a son who is far from estimable. His poor mother is nearly broken-hearted. She was confiding her troubles one day to an old and trusted

"I am afraid," said her friend, "that you are not firm enough with John; you are too easy with him." "On the contrary, I am afraid sometimes that I am too harsh."
"Why, what have you ever done?"

"Oh, I haven't done anything, but I have talked to him a good deal."
"What have you said?"

"Why, I have said, 'John, John, John!" and other severe things."

"My appetite, which had failed me, returned, my normal in its action. Following this my sleepless ness and headaches ceased, and I began to gain flesh. The insidious hold on me that the grip had bitherto had was relaxed, and I feit invigorated and feel free from the languid, enervated feeling that had so long possessed me. "My friends were pleasantly surprised with the

change in my condition, and I was only too happy to recommend Paine's celery compound to such o my acquaintances as were suffering from any of the complaints which so complicated my case. There-fore I again say I feel impelled by a deep sense of gratitude to express how much I have been helped, for I now feel and look like a new man." Physicians who rely on Paine's celery compoundas thousands of the most wide-awake members of

the profession are doing, especially now that nearly every one feels the need of a genuine spring rem-edy—physicians know very well what that languar and that tired feeling means. They know that de bility today eften results in nervous prostration to morrow, unless the tired system is quickly in vigorated.

That is why all over the country today Paine's celery compound is being taken by the advice of skilled physicians. If is the one remedy that physiciens can conscientionally call a genuine spring

ONLY THREE MONARCHS CROWNED. The Coming Coronation of the Czar and Czarina Will Be Unique.

From a London Letter.

The magnificent and costly preparations new going on at Moscow and elsewhere for the approaching coronation of the czar and "duly anointed king." With the exception of Queen Victoria, the Emperor King of Austria, Bohemia and Hungary, and King Oscar of Sweden, no other reigning monarch has been consecrated by religious rite. In the case of the King of Italy there were obvious reasons why the services of the church should have been dispensed with. It is less intelligible that so Catholic a king as Carlos of Portugal should have been con-tent to take the oath in the cortes and attend a "Te Deum" only in the cathedral. A more oath, too, sufficed for the establish-

ment of King George upon the somewhat rickety Hellenic throne. The crowns of Holland and Spain, of course, are, so to speak, in commission. As to the kaiser, he did not even care to go through the formality observed by his grandfather, who put the crown upon his own head, but deemed it enough to make a solemn declaration at the opening of the imperial parliament.

Then He Went Home.

From the Indianapolis Journal. The young man who had traveled began: "And there I stood, the abyss yawning at

"Was it yawning before you got there, or did it begin after you arrived?" asked the young woman who has never been away, and then the young man found that he had just time to catch the last car.

He Was Sorry for the Boss From the Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Angry Passenger (to conductor who has just enforced a rule)-"You'll be sorry for this! I'll see that you are reported to headquarters. I want you to understand, sir, that I am the wife of the president of this company!"

Conductor (sympathetically)-"Well, mum I have always understood that even the great and powerful have their sorrows, just like the rest of us."

And There Was No Blood Shed,

From the San Francisco Post. I overheard the following conversation on a Market street car yesterday between a couple of young men:

"I told you that fellow Moore was a scoundrel," declared one, "and I told him so yes-

terday." "You did?" And the other commenced looking his friend over for evidences of a conflict. "What did he say?"
"Oh, I didn't listen to him. I told him he was a lar, a thicf and a scoundrel, and that I would punch his nose if he said a word to

"I don't know; I hung up the telephone."

"What did he do?" "Nothing; he is a coward."
"I don't believe that. I have seen him fight at the drop of a hat. Didn't he say a good back?"



Seesaw in Australia.-Fliegende Blatter.